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அடையாறு, சென்னை-20.

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SIDDHANTA DEEPIKA

OR THE

LIGHT OF TRUTH

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The Light of Truth.

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Commenced on the Queen's Commemoration Day, 1897

Vol. VIII **APRIL 1907.** **No. 1.**

Ourselves.

We have completed our Seventh year and with this month we commence our Eighth. As was usual in the first six years, we continued to do useful work during our Seventh, and the extent and importance of our work will be known to any casual reader who may chance to glance over the table of contents. We paid equal attention to Translations and original articles and occasionally drew freely from great books and well-conducted Magazines. In our last volume we have begun translation of Vayu Samhita—a very valuable work from Sanskrit and a critical review of Dravida Maha Bhashyam, Inner Meaning of Sivalinga &c. Our articles have always been of merit and importance, and the contributors, experts in their subjects. We know South India has been but ill-represented till now, at least so far as its literature and religion are concerned and it is on this account that we give preference to articles written on topics concerning South India and South Indian subjects But we also deal with all subjects akin to Religions in general as well as other subjects such as literature, science and philosophy. On the whole we believe we have done what lay in our power to make the Journal a really useful and interesting one. It is gratifying to note that our work in this field has evoked much appreciation and interest from many eminent scholars of the West and even from Christian Missionaries.

We take this opportunity of appealing to the Public for their kind patronage and help. If each reader will find *one* new subscriber, the Magazine will be able to extend its power of usefulness.

In conclusion we pray to the Almighty for the long life and prosperity to our Patrons, *His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore* and *Sreeman Vedadrisadasa Mudaliar Avergal* and hope that the kind patronage extended by them to us in past years will ever continue. We have also to thank our subscribers for their prompt payments and our contributors for their ready contributions and hope that they will continue to do so this year also.

THE EDITOR.

DEATH BEFORE DEATH.

by R. S. SUBRAMANIAM Esq., Colombo.

To start with a paradox in the investigation and study of spiritual truths is indeed setting up a blind while labouring for sight through the mist. 'Death before death' is an apparent absurdity and perhaps the lenient critic would assign 'premature death' as its possible significance, death being associated with sunken eyes, wrinkled face and withered frame consequent on old age. A better and deeper meaning comes to light in closer examination. Leaving aside the mystery that is generally attributed to life and death, we may, without going far wrong, define, according to the first impressions we form of them, life as the manifestation of energy or activity, and death as the cessation of it. On seeing a beast of prey, for instance, lying across the road, the first test we would adopt is to observe whether there is motion of any kind in it, whether it moves its limbs or wags its tail or ears. Failing to notice any, we would keep ourselves at a safe distance and shout or pelt or prick, to observe whether it responds to these stimuli. If response is received, we conclude, it is alive; if none, that it is dead. So then, the two elements that constitute life are, the manifestation of activity and the response to external stimulus and the absence of these is death. Knowing as we do, that any external stimulus should take the form of either sound, touch, form, taste or smell, and that these should enter by the five portals,—the external senses, and pass through the inner gates of Manas, &c. (the Anthakkaranas), we may, by an extension of the meaning of death, call that state in which one though alive is not attracted by the object of sense, death; likewise that state in which the senses themselves fail to draw him away, as death; that state too in which the manas and its colleagues cease to function as death. 'Death before death' is then a state in life, where the normal activity of the senses and the mind ceases—a state beyond the sense-world and the thought-world. This is, in brief, the explanation of the startling paradox 'death before death'.

சென்னை-600090.

The following stanza of St. Thayumanavar aptly describes the subject matter of this paper.*

தந்தைதாய் தம தார மகவென்னு மிவையெலாஞ்
    சந்தையிற் கூட்டமிதிலோ
சந்தேகமில்லை மணிமாடமாளிகை மேட
    சதுரங்க சேனையுடனே
வந்ததோர் வாழ்வுமோரிந்த்ர ஜாலக்கோலம்
    வஞ்சனை பொறாமை லோபம்
வைத்தமனமாங்கிருமி சேர்ந்தமல பாண்டமோ
    வாஞ்சனையிலாத கனவே
யெந்தநாளுஞ்சரி யெனத்தேர்ந்து தேர்ந்துமே
    யிரவு பகலில்லாவிடத்
தேகமாய் நின்ற நின்னருள் வெள்ளமீதிலே
    யானெனன்பதறவு மூழ்கிச்
சிந்தைதான்றெளியாது சுழலும்வகை யென்கொலோ
    தேடரிய சத்தாகி யென்
சிந்தைமிசை குடிகொண்ட வறிவான தெய்வமே
    தேசோ மயானந்தமே. (தேசோமய—3)

Father, mother, kindred, wife and child, all these are
    like the gathering at the mart, no doubt about this.
Life favoured with ruby-laid palaces, mansions
    terraces and four-classed-armies, jugglery like
The body, pot of filth, habited by the mind-worm, given to
    deceit, envy and avarice, is delightless dream
By knowing thus and considering times of weal and woe as one
And plunging, I-hood destroyed, in the ocean of Thy
    Grace, which pervades as one, where night or day is not
Without clearing the mind, why do I whirl, O Bliss of Lustrous
Beauty, O God of Intelligence, unsearchable Reality
  that indwells my heart.

A brief survey of the world around us is indispensable for this study as the whole fabric should rest on this basis. The world, though one of ups and downs is after all a disappointment and sorrow. The lowest man, the man of the world, thinks, he finds pleasure and

---

*வான்கெட்டு மாருதமா யந்தழல்நீர் மண்கெடினும்
தான்கெட்டரின்றிச் சலிப்பறியாத் தன்மையனுக்கு
ஊன்கெட் டுயிர்கெட்டுணர்வு கெட்டென்னுள்ளமும் போய்
நான்கெட்ட வாபாடித் தெள்ளேணங் கொட்டாமோ. (Tiruvachakam)

pleasure alone, as he ignores his disappointments in the full blaze of sense-enjoyments; the highest man, the spiritual man, looks through the eyes of the spirit and finds Peace and Plenty, Beauty and Happiness, but the middle man sees the world in its true colours, duality all round, pleasure and pain, good and evil, riches and poverty. With a better mind and heart than those of the lowest man, he sympathises with the poor and the needy. The wails of widows, the tears of orphans, the sobs and sighs of the distressed appeal effectively to his heart and set him a thinking; he quails at the picture of misery, disappointment and sorrow that meets his eyes at every turn. Millions he sees homeless and helpless, millions forced to life-long fast, millions of the deaf, the dumb and the maimed; little helpless orphans that lie like strewn leaves on road sides knocking at death's door. In such a state of dejection and sorrow for his brothers and sisters, his heart is ready for the seed of spirituality; he enquires into the cause of these varying states of life in the world, into the misery that envelopes each soul and knows the unerring and universal Law of Justice that is behind. Thoughts of his own miserable state now flash through his mind, thoughts of innumerable births he must have had and of the cause that is operating on him, haunt him. He fully realises the utter futility of his kith and kin, much less of his possessions, in contributing to his happiness: he sees that his numberless fathers, mothers and children of his past births had done nothing, and that those of this life can do nothing to help him out.* The impermanency and unreality of his wealth and other possessions induce him to seek for something real and there dawns in him a discrimination between what is real and unreal§. He appeals to the Lord of all to take him away from this world of delusion and bondage.¶ Hate for the things of the world dominates his mind and he even despises his own body$. Sick of the world he is terror-stricken to be born again. Birth must end, he resolves and sings with St. Manickavasagar

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*பட்டினத்தார் திருவேகம்பம் 13.

§ தாயுமானவர் தன்னையொருவர், 2.

¶ தாயுமானவர் எனக்கெனச்செயல் 10, பட்டினத்தார் பொது 18.

$ தாயுமானவர் பொன்னைமாதரை 1, பாபப்புலி 18.

சாமிநாதையர்
நூல் நிலையம்,
சென்னை - 600090.

Grass was I, shrub was I, worm, tree
full many a kind of beast, bird, snake,
Stone, man and demon 'midst Thy hosts I served
The form of mighty Asuras, ascetics, gods I bore.
Within these immobile and mobile forms of life
In every species born, weary I've grown, great Lord.

திருவாசகம் சிவபுராணம் 26-31.

In floods from sorrow's pouring clouds that rise, Thy loving ones
Sinking have seized the raft of Thy blest foot and risen to heaven
Whirl'd amid troubled sea, where women billows dash and lusts
Sea Monster wounds, I sink Master, I Thee my Refuge make.

திருவாசகம் அடைக்கலப்பத்து 4.

With this change of life, our hero turns a new leaf, he has set his foot on the ladder of spirituality, which should be remembered, is firmly planted in Vairagya, non-attachment to the things of the world * Having spurned all his erstwhile rare possessions of pride, he is in search of that one Reality, hungering after that Bliss alone. But he is not out of the woods yet, as now and then he is caught in the traps of traitors, he is deceived by the mischievous senses—the Gnanendrias. The eyes draw him away to gaze at a lovely object before he can check them, the ears want to hear the sweet music of charming maids and so on.§ The senses accustomed to run in particular grooves from immemorial past, cannot bear to be denied their wonted food—the objects of senses. They become turbulent running from corner to corner in search of pleasure. They assembled in serious conclave and decry the purpose of the aspirant as foolish and profitless. They press him to reconsider his decision, without wasting time which can be advantageeusly employed in the enjoyment of the world, they seem to be very sympathetic to our hero and try a thousand and one ways to pull him down from the ladder. This is the activity or life of the senses. Many have so fallen through the delusive admonitions of the traitorous senses. No traitor in the world is so harmful and destructive as the five felons in man, who not only delude him to forego his spiritual heritage but usurp

* St. John. V. 25.

§ பட்டினத்தார் பொது 4.

his power and got complete mastery over him so that he is lost in their maze.* Fully alive to the glory of his goal, a glimpse of which he catches now and then through the thicket of the senses, the mind and its attendants Kama, desire &c., he persists in his path and clinging to the glorious feet of the Lord, thus exclaims, terror stricken

வாயிலோரைந்திற் புலனெனும்வேடர் வந்தெனை யீர்த்து வெங்காமத்
தீயிலே வெதுப்பி யுயிரொடுந்தின்னச் சிந்தைநைந் துருகி மெய்ம்மறந்து
தாயிலாச்சேய்போ லலைந்தலைப்பட்டேன் றாயினுங்கருணையாமன்றுள்
நாயகமாகி யொளிவிடுமணியே நாதனே ஞானவாரிதியே.

(தாயுமானவர் சிவன்செயல் 5)

While through the gates of the (senses) five, the objects-hunters came and dragged me, half-fried (me) in
The fierce fire of lust and ate, (me) alive, my heart moved by pain, I melted and forgetting myself
Like a motherless orphan wandered and suffered, O radiant ruby, more gracious than a mother!
Lord of the Golden Hall! O Supreme Being, O Sea of Wisdom!

In this frame of mind, the aspirant endeavours to admonish, in return, the senses. O eye, the beauty you admire to-day, fades to-morrow, what will you then admire, O ear, the music you relish now, ceases the next moment, what music then? Will you go with me to see the neverfading Beauty, to hear the unending music, to taste the tasteless Taste? Thus one by one, the impermanence of the things of the world is shown to the senses and their course is turned within. The five portals are blocked and guarded and the usurpers are dethroned and subjected, they are now at his beck and call. And this is the death of the senses.

The power that grows unconsciously within, now enables the aspirant to fight out the rest of the battle with renewed vigour. It is said that those who control the senses achieve a conquest unparallelled.

He who with firmness 'curb the five restrains
Is seed for soil of yonder happy plains.

குறள் நீத்தார்பெருமை. 4. Dr. Pope's translation.

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*திருவாசகம் கண்டபத்து. 1 தாயுமானவர் தத்வமுறைமை 6.

Yet there is the possibility of a slip. for though our hero has left the objective world, left the world of the senses, there still stands unvanguished the arch-fiend, the traitor of traitors, who can raise the world from their ashes, who can create his own objects of desire and traverse the whole universe in no time, the felon who has been collecting forces all the while the battle was raging on in the outer-skirts—it is the mind. To one who has watched the vagaries of the mind, the tremendous world within will be quite apparent—how it whirls round and round wanders hither and thither, how it constructs palaces and mansions and lives in them, how it enjoys by itself every pleasure it needs. This world of thought is the curse of man, it is here all the subtle forces work together and form his character ; even his physical form is the outcome of this thought-world. It is even here the demons of lust (kama) jealousy, avarice and the like reign. Clothing others with one's thoughts and sitting in judgment over others are the most common of evils and they are the sharpest weapons one wields for self-destruction. Forbear judgment on others, avoid assigning motives to other's acts, desist from ransacking your neighbour's pockets, then your character is well formed. It should be known that such evils even though thought of, have their effects on you. Beware of the thoughts if you would progress one should not be deluded by the thought that his thoughts are hidden and do no harm ; thoughts are indelibly engraven and they mould his being.

The worlds we have left behind are in the sphere of the mind in a subjective form : a veritable forest to be cut down and cleared. The mind is a pivot, is a master-key ; one may open with it the doors of Heaven or Hell as he chooses.* Turn the mind within, you reach Heaven ; allow it to run out, you reach Hell. One who has outwardly abandoned the objects of sense but clings to them in the mind cannot progress in this path ; there is the likelihood of his slipping down to the world again. Therefore such thoughts should at once be suppressed.$ An attempt in that direction causes, as in the case of the senses, a rebellion within which cannot be quelled without requisitioning the help of an iron Will. The turbulence

* தாயுமானவர் பாயப்புலி 45. $ தாயுமானவர் ஆசையெனும 21.

of the mind entirely depends upon Desire which is at the bottom and the bit and bridle to be applied to the former should be used for the latter too. Desire being controlled, the mind ceases to agitate, consequently thought, word, and deed in their turn die of themselves.* Desire is the root of all evil, it is the cause of all bondage.

ஆசையெனும் பெருங்காற்றாடியிலவம் பஞ்செனவு மனதலையுங்காலம்
மோசம்வருமிதனாலே கற்றதுங் கேட்டதுந் தூர்ந்து முத்திக்கான
நேசமு நல்வாசமும்போய்ப் புலனாயிற் கொடுமைபற்றி நிற்பரந்தோ
தேசுபழுத்தருள் பழுத்தபராபரமே நிராசையின்றேற் றெய்வமுண்டோ.

(தாயுமானவர்.)

Caught in the storm of desire, like light cotton
while the mind wanders
Perdition results : by this too is caused loss of
knowledge leant and heard, loss of
Yearning-for-Mukti and company of the Good ; such stand,
alas, identified with the senses and tangled in the
miserias of Samsara
O, the Most High of full-lustre and flowing Grace ! is
there God to one without uncovetousness.

Know the Reality from the Unreality by discrimination (viveka) and abandon the object of sense through non-attachment (vairagya) and continue that state of mind for the extinction of all desires. The effect of desire on the mind is best seen in dreams, when the mind has its full play unchecked by any rule of ethics. It creates every object of desire. One desire that cropped up in the morning or the day before and already forgotten, is reproduced in the state of dream, as it was lying potentially all the while. It is within the experince of all that their wished-for objects appear in dreams and they possess them with joy but they wake up only to laugh at their own folly. Even in the waking state, desires do their function but owing to its subtlety, it remains unseen. Selfihness, anger, jealousy and the like are the medium through which they work and the evil thoughts generated by them constitute the activity or the life of the mind. For the purification of thoughts, then, desire for the things of the world should be rooted out and replaced by desire

* ஆசையெனும் 28.

for the things of the spirit. With this turning of the channel inward, godward, the mind and the senses turn too.

Let us pause here to survey the spiritual heights already scaled by the aspirant. Unlike the worldly-minded, who are caught in the storm of selfishness, tossed hither and thither on the waves of Envy, Pride and Avarice, and dashed on the rock of Impatience, Disappointment and Sorrow, our hero rests comfortably in the calm of selfless Love, rocks in the swings of Kindness, Humility and Beneficence and fortifies himself with the barricades of Patience, contentment and Happiness. Instead of the oppression of the mind and the narrowness of thought caused by dark motives of selfishness, our hero experiences delightful freedom and lightness through expansive Love. In the place of the unbearable writhing under the burden of his own thoughts, our hero swings heartily in the thought of the Lord. While the wordly-minded acquire wealth by addition to their possessions, piling gold upon gold, diamond upon diamond and yet are unhappy, our hero gains his wealth by a process of subtraction, throwing overboard gold and diamond, father and mother, kith and kin, thought by thought until the thought of the Lord dominates, and he is perfectly happy. That destructive and baneful habit in the ordinary man, of clothing others with his own thought, of picking holes on other's coats and of trying to remove the mote in other's eyes, is replaced by a cruel judgment on himself, on his own acts and on his own thought, while again the worldly-minded go seeking for help, every help comes to our hero in time, and he knows, *it must come* as the Law of Righteousness is unerring, Peace of mind is his posession and love his gift; his look charms the world; his internal Peace throws out a lustre of sublimity. He cannot be harmed by any one, he is envy-proof, malice-proof. His atmosphere being hallowed by the waves of the spirit, no arrows of evil thoughts directed against him can find their way to him: they come and fall down blunted, unable to withstand the resistance of the waves; they fall down as the arrows of Visvamithra fell down before Vasishta.

The only way for the purification of the mind is to witness its work every moment. Ask what is my mind doing now? If you

2

find it engaged in building up a castle, pull it down and bring it back to its corner. If you find it shooting arrows of malice or envy, curb it as it digs your own grave. By persistent application of this method alone, can the mind be conquered. St. Thayumanavar addresses his mind thus.*

வாராயநெஞ்சே யுன்றன்றுன்மார்க்கம் யாவையும் வைத்துக்கட்டிங்
காராயடிக்கடி சுற்றுகின்றாயுன்னவலமதிக்
கோராயிரம் புத்திசொன்னாலுமோர் கிலையோகெடுவாய்
பாராயுனைக் கொல்லுவேன் வெல்லுவேனருட்பாங்குகொண்டே.

(பாயப்புலி — 50)

Come O mind ! pack up all thy improprieties and from here
Enquire (for Truth.) Oft art thou whirling and considerest not
My thousand advices against thy evil nature, O Perishing one
See thou ! I'll kill thee with the axe of Holy Grace: I'll conquer thee.

Once or twice in a day during the calm hours of the morning or night-fall, one should sit in judgment over his mind, reviewing the doings of the whole day and censure the mind for any misbehaviour. By a repetition of this process, one will be able to witness the thoughts as they occur and check them then and there. Perseverance in this will result in the complete annihilation of the tendencies, Samskaras, that raise such thoughts. With desires checked, tendencies destroyed, the mind attains the Peace sought for.

Now our hero can be thrown in the midst of gaieties, in the midst of worldly revelry ; none of these will attract him ; he is the spoon which knows not the taste of the dainty dish. And this is the death of the mind ; there is a higher stage of this death which will follow.

The characteristic of the mind is to grasp at anything, but as its channel and that of the senses have been turned inward, it cannot grasp at the things of the world. It now flies to the Holy Lord in good earnest, it sticks fast to Him. The senses of the aspirant pine after the Lord, his only thought is about Him, his only desire is to possess Him. Thus sings St. Maniccavasagar.

* பாயப்புலி 49. தன்னையறிய 1.

உற்றாரையான்வேண்டே னூர்வேண்டேன் பேர்வேண்டேன்
கற்றாரை யான்வேண்டேன் கற்பனவு மினியமையுங்
குற்றாலத்தமர்ந்துறையுங் கூத்தாவுன் குரைகழற்கே
கற்றாவின் மனம்போலக்கசிந்துருக வேண்டுவனே. திருப்புலம்பல் 3.*

Nor friends, nor kin I seek, no city I desire, no name I crave,
No learned ones I seek, and henceforth lessons to be conned suffice
Thou dancer in Kuttalam dwelling blissful, Thy resounding feet
I'll seek; that as the cow yearns for its calf, my longing soul may melt.

The yearning for Him with melting heart, tearful eyes and shivering frame, if experienced in the life of any, that man is truly blessed. That marks the intensity of the Love which then holds sway. Masters of different religions have testified to it and their ecstatic utterances while in that mood, will melt even a stony heart. Saints Maniccavasagar, Thayumanavar and others, have left on record how they pined for the Lord and how, all should pine for Him.

நெக்குநெக்குள்ளுருகியுருகி நின்று மிருந்துங்கிடந்து மெழுந்து
நக்குமழுதுந்தொழுதும் வாழ்த்தி நானாவிதத்தாற் கூத்துநவிற்றிச்
செக்கர்போலுந் திருமேனி திகழநோக்கிச் சிலிர்சிலிர்த்துப்
புக்குநிற்பதென்றுகொல்லோ வென்பொல்லா மணியைப்புணர்ந்தே.
புணர்ச்சிப்பத்து 8$

In bliss dissolv,d soul melted utterly, with every gesture meet
Laughter and tears, homage of hand and lip with every mystic dance
To see with joyous thrill, that Sacred Form like ruddy evening sky
When shall I pass, in mystic union joined with Him ,my faultless Gem.

As a result of this strong and sincere yearning, the aspirant sees the Lord in everything; the whole world is to him an emblem of God. His mind cannot now see onething from the other, the differences have disappeared and in the insect that crawls, in the birds that fly, in the stone and in the beast, he adores the Lord.

பெண்ணவன்கா ணாணவன்காண் பெரியோர்க்கென்றும் பெரியவன்கா
ணரியவன்கா ணயனானான்கா
ணெண்ணவன்கா ணெழுத்தவன்காணின்பக்கேள்வி யிசையவன்காணி
யலவன்காணெல்லாங்காணும்

* Cf also திருப்பாண்டிப்பதிகம் 1. பட்டினத்தார் பொது 5.
$,, வாழாப்பத்து, தாயுமானவர் பன்மாலை 1, எனக்கெனச்செயல், கல்லாலினீழல்

கண்ணவன்காண் கருத்தவன்காண் கழிந்தோர்செல்லுங் கதியவன்காண்
மதியவன்காண் கடலேழ்சூழ்ந்த
மண்ணவன்காண் வானவர்வணங்கியேத்தும் வலிவலத்தான்காண
வனென் மனத்துளானே.

திருநாவுக்கரசுசுவாமிகள்-திருவலிவலம் 7.

Ceases here all differentiation, which is the function of the mind, and this is the death proper, of the mind. Even the aspirant is astonished at the death of the mind which was waging war against him before, like a formidable enemy.

அருளேயோ ராலயமா வானந்த மாயிருந்த
பொருளோடி யானிருக்கப் போயொளித்த நெஞ்சேநீ
மருடீர் முயற்கோடோ வான்மலரோ பேய்த்தேரோ
விருடீர நீயுறைந்ததெவ்விடமோ காணேனே.

தாயுமானவர் எசற்றவந்நிலை. 9.

O Mind, that is gone and hid while I am in union with that Being
Who is Bliss enshrined in the temple of Grace
Art thou, the illusion-less hare's horn, or sky lotus or the mirage,
I see not, (my) darkness left, where thou abidest.

Ahankara (I'hood) is the next veil to be consumed by the fire of Wisdom. This is the last possession of our hero to be abandoned. Many of the sharp and irritating points of I'hood have been unconsciously rounded, while our hero was achieving his conquest in the plains below. 'I did it,' 'I want it,' 'I said so.' 'I should lead' &c, have long ago bade farewell to him. Perhaps what now assert themselves, are, 'I strive for Bliss,' 'I am good,' 'I attain Bliss' &c, a very light shade of the 'I'. Even this should be exchanged for, 'the Lord does' 'the Lord is,' 'the Lord wills'.* This done, the battle is over. 'And this is the death of the 'I'.

Those who go up the ladder so far can hardly be distinguished from ordinary mad-men, they have the simplicity of children and the selflessness of the demoniacs.

பாலரொடு பேயர்பித்தர் பான்மையென நிற்பதுவே
சீலமிகுஞானியர் தஞ்செய்கை பராபரமே. தாயுமானவர் பராபரம் 143§

'Unless ye become like little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven' says another Master (St. Mathew 18 3.)

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*தாயுமானவர் பொருளியல்பு 7. ஆசையெனும் 8

§Cf also சிற்சுகோதயவிலாசம் 9.

St Maniccavasagar prays to the Lord for a boon, namely, to make him die as a maniac in the eyes of the world.

> உத்தமனத்தனுடையானடியே நினைந்துருகி
> மத்தமனத்தொடு மாலிவனென்ன மனநினைவி
> லொத்தனவொத்தன சொல்லிட வூரூர் திரிந்தெவரும்
> தத்தமனத்தன பேசவெஞ்ஞான்றுகொல் சாவதுவே.
>
> திருச்சதகம் 3

Melting at the thought of the Excellent, Father, Master's feet
And in rapturous mood, uttering the promptings of the mind,
From land to land rambling, that men may say 'A madman this'
And speak their fancies, O when shall I pass.*

This state of Bliss is called Thuriya. Here Atma stands in its knowledge-form, isolated from the senses and the mind : it is knowing oneself, without speech and thought, (உரையுணர்விறந்துதம்மை யுணர்தல்). A state *to be* and to *become*, unqualifiable yet attainable. The more one describes this state the farther is he from the Truth.

> ஓராமலே யொருகாலுணராமலுள்ளொளியைப்
> பாராமலுள்ளபடி பார்த்திருந்தால் வாராதோ
> பத்துத்திசையும் பரந்தெழுந்தானந்த வெள்ளந்
> தத்திக்கரைபுரண்டுதான் (தாயுமானவர் உடல்பொய்யுறவு 58)

If, without differentiating nor once bestowing thought,
without seeing the light within (as object)
One establishes himself in it, discerning as it is—Will it not come
The flood of Bliss, springing and overflowing the banks
rising and pervading the ten quarters.

He is lost in the flood of Bliss; what remains is the Ocean in which the drop fell. To say he attained Bliss is an error, for there is no 'he' in that state, nor can the Gnani say 'I attained Bliss' as the 'I' is dead. Nirwana, Heaven, Moksha, these are different names for That. It is Oneness, Bliss, these again are relative ideas, therefore—Silence

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* For every hymn of Thiruvasagam quoted, except this, I have given the translation of Dr. Pope. I must say with all deference to the learned translator, I have been obliged to attempt a translation of this hymn just to bring out the spirit of it, as he has apparently twisted the meaning and makes the Saint court Death to avoid the discordant sayings of the people; besides அடியே நினைந்து in the text should not be rendered 'Thy servant thinks' as he has done, as it cannot be the combination of அடியேன் + நினைந்து, which when combined would read அடியேன்னினைந்து or அடியேனினைந்து.

குறைவிலா நிறைவாய் ஞானக்கோதிலானந்தவெள்ளத்
துறையிலேபடிந்து மூழ்கித்திளைந்து நான்றான்றவாறுள்
நுறையிலே யுணர்த்திமோனவொண்சுடர்வைவாடந்த
இறைவனே யுனைப்பிரிந்திங்கிருக்கிலே னிருக்கிலேனே

தாயுமானவர் வம்பனேன். 2.

To become the undiminishing Fulness, to fall on and plunge in
The flow of the flood of spotless Wisdom-Bliss and become dissolved in
And thereby effect the non-appearance of I'hood
Thou show'dst the way by quibbles and didst grant the sharp
radiant sword of Silence
Separated from Thee, O Lord, here I can't remain, I can't remain.

குலமிலான் குணங்குறியிலான் குறைவிலான் கொடிதாம்
புலமிலான் றனக்கென்னவோர் பற்றிலான் பொருந்தும்
மிலமிலான் மைந்தர் மனைவியில்லா னெவனவன் சஞ்
சலமிலான் முத்திதரும் பரசிவனெனத்தகுமே. ஆசையெனும் 30.

Sorrowless is he, who is
Casteless, unqualifiable, non-lowly
Who is without harmful object-attachment, bereft
of all self-seeking desires
Who is homeless, childless and wifeless
And such is worthy of comparison to Para Siva,
the Giver of Freedom.

To call this incomparable state of Bliss, death, is a lie; to name this Life of All-knowledge, death, is utter ignorance; to call this state of self luminosity, death, is blindness. It is the Life in life, an Eternal Life of lasting Bliss and knowledge; Yet, it is death as the I'hood has vanished.

My brothers, 'one ounce of practice is worth more than tons of tall talk'. One who has experienced the death of the mind in his life teaches more by his silence than another who speaks volumes. If among you there is such a one, I bow down before him; if among the Buddhists I come across such a conquerer of self I adore him; if a Christian has ascended such spiritual heights I sit at his feet. Religions and creeds are nothing if one cannot live a spiritual life. Mere knowledge developes only one's Ahankara.

Should we not be able to boldly affirm, when asked,

Do any hearts beat faster, Do any faces brighten,
To hear your footsteps on the stair, To meet you, greet you anywhere
Are any happier to-day, Through words they have heard you say
Life were not worth the living, If no one were the better
For having met you on the way, And known the sunshine of your stay*

Therefore should we not all, from this moment seriously consider the life we lead, should we not make this hall a holy place for practising our spiritual ideals, should we not infuse into our being a selfless Love for all, so that, with the Grace of the Lord, we may, with conviction each of us exclaim,

நடக்கினு மோடினுநிற்கினும் வேறொருநாட்டமின்றிக்
கிடக்கினுஞ் செவ்விதிருக்கினு நல்லருட்கேள்வியிலே
தொடக்குமென்னெஞ்ச மனமற்ற பூரணத்தொட்டிக்குளே
முடக்குவன்யான் பரமானந்த நித்திரை மூடிடுமே.

—தாயுமானவர் பாயப்புலி 12

Even while walking, running or standing, while
lying devoid of other desires
Or sitting evenly, in hearing of the Gracious,
my mind will be engrossed
And I, in the cradle of Mindless-Perfection, will lie
crouched, and the sleep of Highest Bliss will enshroud me.

Self Sacrifice.

by KRISHNA SASTRI Esq.

The word Self-Sacrifice is a mis-nomer. There is no equivalent for the word in Indian vernaculars. From this fact however it does not follow that the Hindu never had a conception of the virtues indicated by the term. They understood the significance of things better and hence their conception of acts constituting the so-called virtue of Self-Sacrifice was much more ennobling than the petty and not very rational view entertained by other people.

When a man suffers for another and sacrifices his own comforts, the Hindu believes that there is only a glorification of one's Self but no sacrifice of it which is as reprehensible and ignoble as suicide. A man's self is the most easily expansible thing, and filled

* From a letter of Swami Narayana from Port said. 11-8-1903.

with sympathy; it grows in dimensions and takes the whole sentient existence within its fold.

When you are moved by the distress of another, you realise your one-ness with that person. When one individual works for the good of another, there is a flowing of life from one to another: but there is no self-sacrifice, for the happiness of another person is felt as one's own.

The poor mother who stints herself in order that the babe at her breast may live is not sacrificing her Self, for the little one is but the compliment of her Self which will not feel itself to be complete without the dear thing.

Have you ever felt for a weak person suffering injury at the hands of a stronger one? If you have, then verily has your self thrilled with a life which would expand it out of its incasement.

When you feel for the oppressed, for the down-trodden and espouse their cause against tyrannysing might, it may be that you individually suffer, but the stimulus for the combat comes from a sense of the enlarging of your Self. The self expands and the individual's concerns extend over a wider field. One sympathises with others besides oneself. Here indeed the individual becomes a larger being with his range of susceptibilities and his capacity for happiness being enlarged.

When the philanthropist goes to places of pestilence and disease and works to alleviate suffering, sacrificing all conveniences and undergoing trouble himself, he is in no way sacrificing his self; but he is only helping it to assert itself to the fullest extent. He cannot feel happy amidst pleasure and ease when the cause of the suffering people requires his aid. He is in his element when he is fighting against suffering and misery. It may turn out that his individual efforts do not avail or what is worse that disease and death claim him as their victim. But what does it matter to him? His feeling of self is so all-embracing that the prospect of death does not frighten him in the least.

Nothing good, nothing ennobling can come out of the stifling of the self in Man. In every act of surrender of the individual happiness, there is really an assertion of a larger self.

Cameos from Tamil Literature.

I

KALITOGAI NEITHAL 2.

The following piece gives with many appropriate similes a beautiful picture of the evening which is the time when women sorrow after their departed lovers. The beauty of the evening and the longing and joy it excites in nature is contrasted with the blasted love and broken life of the sorrowing women.

அகன்ஞாலம் விளக்குக்தன் பல்கதிர் வாயாகப்
பகனுங்கி யது போலப்படுசுடர் கல்சேர
விகன் மிகு நேமியா னிறம்போல விருள்வர
நிலவுக்காண்பதுபோல வணிமதி யோதரக்
கண்பாயல் பெற்றபோற் கணைக்காலலர் கூம்பத்
தம்புகழ் கேட்டார் போற்றலைசாய்த்து மரந்துஞ்ச
முறுவல்கொள் பவைபோல முகையவிழ்பு புதனந்தச்
சிறுவெதிர்ங் குழல்போலச் சுரும்பி மிர்ந்திம்மெனப்
பறவைதம் பார்ப்புள்ளக் கறவைதம் பதிவயிற்
கன்றமர் விரும்பொடு மன்றுநிறை புகுதர
மாவதிசேர மாலைவாள் கொளா
வந்தியந்தண ரெதிர்கொள வயர்ந்து
செந்தீச் செவ்வழ றொடங்கவந்தை
வாலிழை மகளிருயிர் பொதி யவிழ்க்குங்
காலை யாவ தறியார்
மாலை யென்மனார் மயங்கியோரே.

Engulfing the day that was brought forth to lighten the broad world, with its many rays, the sun disappeared beyond the Hills:

And darkness came, black as the color of Vishnu.

And just as it were to give it rout with its light, came the beautiful moon.

The lotus closed its petals as tired maids close their eyes.

The trees drooped in sleep, as when the learned drop their heads at praise of self.

The bushes show their white buds as though laughing.

The bees hum tunes as from a small bamboo flute

The birds think of their young ones and fly to their nests.

The cows longing after calves reach the village.
And beasts flee to their rendezvous.
And Brahmans prepare for their evening duties,
And girls fire their hearths and light the lamp
And so the evening comes!
Lo! how fools call this evening beautiful!
They know not it is the time for beautiful women to part from life.

II.

KALITOGAI NEITHAL 3.

As will be evident from the many pieces already translated from Kalitogai, the author in describing nature, and through his dramatis personne, takes occasion to convey to the readers the highest expressions of the ethical sentiment and to read nature like this and preach it would be the highest Art.

To love mankind, to seek their welfare, and to relieve the distressed and the needy, not to compass evil and become hateful, not to stab people in the dark, and not to despise and glory over the fallen are some of the many lessons conveyed in this piece, besides the beautiful description and sentiments contained therein.

அருடீர்ந்த காட்சியானற னோக்கானயஞ் செய்யான்
வெருவுற யுய்த்தவ னெஞ்சம்போற் பைபய
விருடூர்பு புலம்பூரக் கனைசுடர் கல்சேர
வுரவுத்தகை மழுங்கித்தன் னிடும்பையா லொருவனை
யிரப்பவ னெஞ்சம்போற் புல்லென்று புறமாறிக்
கரப்பவ னெஞ்சம்போன் மரமெல்லா மிலைகூம்பத்
தோற்றஞ்சால் செக்கருட் பிறைநுதி யெயிறாக
நாற்றிசையு நடுக்குறூஉ மடங்கற் காலைக்
கூற்றுநக் கதுபோலு முட்குவரு கடுமாலை ;
மாலைநீ, உள்ளங்கொண் டகன்றவர் துணைத்தாராப் பொழுதின்கண்
வெள்ளமா னிறநோக்கிக் கணைதொடுக்குங் கொடியான்போ
லல்லற்பட்டிருந்தாரை யயர்ப்பிய வந்தாயோ;
மாலைநீ, ஈரமில் காதலரிகந்தருளா விடனோக்கிப்
போர்தொலைந்திருந்தாரைப் பாடெள்ளி நகுவார்போ
லாரஞ ருற்றாரை யணங்கிய வந்தாயோ;

மாலைநீ, கந்தாதல் சான்றவர்களை தாராப்பொழுதின்கண்
வெந்ததோர் புண்ணின்கண் வேல்கொண்டு நுழைப்பான்போற்
காய்ந்தநோ யுழப்பாரைக் கலக்கிய வந்தாயோ;

The sun is disappearing over the Western Hills,
And darkness comes stealing on little by little,
As the mental darkness of the hateful man, void of love, and virtue and good acts.
The trees love their flush, as the mind of a man who induced by dire poverty seeks alms,
And close their leaves, as the miser who at sight of him closes his heart and conceals himself.

So the evening comes! as the terrible avenger comes laughing on the last day in the fiery firmament with the crescent moons for his teeth, to take away all his victims.

Oh evening! Didst thou go to me who am sorrowing for the company of my lover who stab my heart, with him to plunge me deeper in sorrow, as the cruel hunter who shoots at the deer which is carried down helpless by the flood.

O evening! Didst thou go to me, choosing the time when my loveless lover had left me, to still increase my unbearable pain, like unto the man who despises the foe fallen in battle and laughs at them for their defeat!

Oh evening! Didst thou go to me, at a time when my lover and support has not come to assuage my sorrow, to further disturb my mind, already seared with pain, like unto the man who disturbs with a spear a reeking wound!

So bewails my lady.

The departed lver reappears bringing joy with him. And lo, the evening which causes this unbearable pain, vanishes into utter darkness, as by the appearance of a friendly Power to save and succour a king harrassed by his enemies in his weakest moment the enemies are completely annihilated.

J. M. N.

Meditation.

BY
K. S. ANANTHANARAYANAN Esq, B.A.
of Latent Light Culture, Tinnevelly.

The modern world has now begun to open its eyes to the claims of the higher faculties of man. It has now satisfied itself that the pursuits after material greatness alone will not give happiness. The Western could not be made to understand the grand powers of the mind when it is at work with itself. He saw the powerful outer nature and his ambition was to be intimately acquainted with her and be her master. He directed all his energy accordingly and the result is indeed grand and beautiful. He wrung out from Nature all her subtle forces and made them all his slaves. But what is the use of your having giant servants, if your house is miserable. The Westerner could not naturally feel happy, for happiness is from within and not from without. This he never understood; and could not do so, for so fondly he had expected happiness from his position as a master of the world and from the idea of having everything on Earth yield service to him, that he could not turn his mind from them. Repeatedly have sages reiterated, the truth of Happiness cannot be sought, cannot be found in other places than within ourselves. Even that Saviour Jesus, the great Jesus has spoken to them the self same truth and told them that in the stillness of solitude they should listen to the still small voice that at random speaks and that they would surely find the thing they sought for.

But the time was not come, they would not draw their attention to the fact until at last they had found that the happiness they dreamt of was yet receding, illusive like the horizon. Sybil-like, the happiness yet sank far away. They saw this at last and when the East sent its ancient philosophy amidst the-thus-bewildered westerners, it is not curious that they should at last return from their wild goose chase and ask where then is happiness! Where then is that still small voice about which our Saviour had spoken nineteen centuries ago? How can we gain that?

Yes! dear brother of the west and may I venture to say redeemed prodigal who has wasted his substance and returned home

repentent. The bliss which you are seeking is even now with you and within you. Turn your thoughts inward and bend your energies inward. In short a communion with yourself, is the surest way to real happiness.

You will perhaps now say that such words have often been heard and they are vague and seem to be meaningless. You will like to be shown the way to attain that happiness.

This leads to an explanation of meditation and how it is to be done. Meditation is deep fixed thinking of an object that you have chosen. It is to the mind what light and air are to the plants. If we would know mind we need only to disire, desire and desire. The intensity of desire is not needed to induce mind to answer our desire, but to induce us to put aside our false conception concerning Mind, and our capacity for understanding Mind. There is nothing in the universe that can step in between Mind and the Soul which desire to enter into communion with it. The deep thinking is preceded by concentration. You withdraw yourself from all extraneous influences and fix your attetion upon a chosen object. There are some methods for thus withdrawing from the external world. One is what given below.

Seek a solitary place for your practice of Medititation, or at least a place much retired from public bustle and activity. Then according to some schools certain postures are prescribed. But the natural posture of lying down seems to be without danger of provoking certain psychic centres into alarming activity. Then breathe slowly in and out with interval. You must have some object for meditation. Subjects are chosen according to each person's likes and turn of mind. Save virtue, if the person has more powers to conceive of material objects, the figure of the Lord must be conceived. He must concentrate upon this when he has attained perfect ease in his posture and breath goes in and out without his noticing it. This concentration deepens gradually into Meditation. This practice gradually brings himself in communion with higher conciousness. It is in this state of communion that sages have experienced Happiness.

Reviews and Notes.

The new Reformer, Madras.

It is with pleasure we welcome this new monthly Journal. It starts with high aspirations and noble ideals. In the various domains of religion, social economics and politics and other questions it appeals for a freer and nobler atmosphere, void of selfishness and greed, untrammelled by the fetters of tradition and prejudice, and animated solely by the desire to elevate and ennoble mankind. There is more selfishness in the world than is apparent and many a good movement is sacrificed at the altar of their base selfishness. There is more hypocrisy than a sincere desire to help mankind. And India is in a transition where it must tend to good or bad There is a danger in following Western ideals themselves, and there are not wanting a few like Andrew Carnegie to strike the warning note. To base life altogether on a material basis without references to high ethical considerations is the weakest point in the civilization of Europe. and there were not wanting a few who scoffed at Mr. P. Ramanathan when he pointed out the dangers of following the European trend in social economics. These is danger in the air and there are weakness in our own social fabric, and it is well that this should be pointed out to us off and on without fear or favour. We know the editor to be a man of great earnestness and power and we wish him god speed in the noble task he has set before himself at considerable sacrifice to himself.

In regard to the contents, it is varied and interesting. That it cannot be better is due more to the paucity of cultured men among those who have devoted themselves heart and soul to study of special subjects and their investigation. We are glad to note that a premier place is given to the article of Mr. J. M. Nallaswami Pillai on the Personality of God according to the Saiva Siddhanta. Saivaism is the oldest religion and it is progressive and its canon has always been as stated by St. Umapathi Sivacharya that whatever old is not true and whatever new is not necessarily false. The other articles of interest are 'Rome under the Gracchi—an analogy, by Mr. Wadia, M.A. 'The Power of forgiveness,' by Col. T. F. Dowden, 'India in transition' by Mr. Wadia, 'agriculture—nature preaching by Dewan Bahadur R. Ragoonatha Row, Women as makers of Japan' by Mr. Rama Row, the Japanese glass expert, and 'the widow marriage convention by Mr. R. Nilakant B.A. L L.B. There are interesting editorial notes, literary notices and topics from periodicals. We wish the venture every success.

Vernacular Studies.

We give below from the excellent address delivered by Mr. K. Seshu Iyer B.A. at the Salem College Union, the portion in which he dwelt on the importance of Vernacular studies. The whole speech was full of sense and wholesome advice, and we commend his remarks in reference to the Vernacular studies in particular. But we do not agree with him in his remark that the critical study of classics like Ramayana, Silappadikaram &c., will be of no use in acquiring that command of the language which is required for addressing the people and influencing them. The greatest orators of Brittain like Burke, Bright and Gladstone have neither spoken bad English nor bad grammar. On the other hand, they were the greatest classical scholars and their speeches have become classical. We have heard hundreds of speeches from our Indians, in English and in Vernacular and we have been better impressed when they spoke in the Vernaculars. And they were not illiterate people. The classics mentioned above if only properly studied and used will give to any one's speech that richness, simplicity and chasteness and directness which is all important in the function of an orator. The remedy lies in a better and deeper method of study than heretofore.

CULTIVATION OF THE VERNACULARS.

Scholastic ideals in this country, while being favourable to Scholarship in English have been unfavourable to the cultivation of that particular kind of scholarship in the vernacular languages, most required in the present conditions of the country. You can reach the less fortunate of your poorer countrymen and appeal to them, only by talking to them in their own language. It is for them that you desire to work. It is through them and by them that you can hope to elevate your country. All your labours in this behalf will be absolutely fruitless unless you can talk to the great mass of your countrymen in the language most familiar to them. A great deal of discussion has been aroused regarding the methods by which the Vernacular languages may be cultivated with advantage so that they may serve as efficient means of popular instruction—a subject just now of the utmost importance in the service of your country. The academical system now in vogue is not calculated to promote that kind of scholarship which alone will enable you to acquire a permanent hold of your own countrymen. You ought to acquire that facility in the use of the language as will enable you to speak intelligently to the masses of the people, composed of coolies, farmers and artisans, and thereby educate them to higher level of civilisation. Thus and thus alone can you hope to do real and abiding service to your country. But the kind of scholarship encouraged by the university authorities the critical study of classical works like Kambaramayanam, Jivakachintamani, Silappadikaram etc., is not likely to help you to acquire that command over the language as to make it an efficient and powerful instrument of mass education. The vernacular language requires to be cultivated in a new spirit. In fact a new and popular style of writing and speaking has to be evolved which can only be successfully achieved by greater freedom from the trammels of existing grammatical forms and rules and the standards established by past writers. So far as we could judge from present conditions, the present generation has not displayed any desire to or any capacity for achieving success in this direction. The proper development of the vernacular language is thus a problem for the younger generation to solve. To a great extent your country will depend upon the manner in which you will solve this problem.

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